

# Do It!

## Davr

Bam, Bam, Bam my sweet  
You can sip it through s straw; you can throw it back neat  
Just don't be hesitating, waiting for it  
Because in an ideal world they'll be coming for you  
Could be tokin' on the bale, could be sniffing out clues  
Better stake your faking reputation on it  
Do it, do it, just do it!  
In a tax-free zone, down a tin can alley  
There's a slipper girl-thing and man name Sally  
They were talk-talk-talking about a clever little coffin nail  
Seems, down at the docks the intended lies awaiting  
And the privileged information's gonna get wet too  
You can't be too careful when it comes to being careful

Do it, do it, just do it!  
There's a man in my street keeps a flock of gray doves  
And he's set in his ways, wearing Everlast gloves  
His opinion can be beat when push becomes a shove  
Says he doesn't give a monkey about the youth of the day  
They should all drop dead, should be taken away  
Put somewhere cold and all be made to stay  
Do it, do it, just do it!  
Bag it up, Bag it up  
Do it!

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